Michael!Dean/Castiel, Dean's attraction to Castiel merges with Michael's anger towards his brother, and Michael goes after Castiel intent on making him submit

Dubcon?

[post 5x18, AU]

Then: Michael had earned his yes, had seduced and promised it out of Dean, and now that he had it, he had Castiel as well. Castiel had known about Dean's interest for months, but neither one of them had acted on it. Now, however. Now Michael knew, and now Michael was letting himself feel.

Castiel had first become aware of this when Michael had slammed him up against the wall of a building in Kansas City, and then Castiel had been kissed, hard. Michael used teeth, not gentle at all, and later Castiel would discover that Michael had developed a hatred of angels, after Lucifer's Fall and Gabriel's departure and countless other rebellions.

Castiel's lips are still swollen, hours after that initial kiss, but Michael hadn't exactly kept himself chaste once he realized that Castiel wasn't resisting Michael.

Now: Castiel is on his knees, eyes closed. His clothes feel too confining, as does his skin. He wants to run, to fly away from here, but he *knows* Michael's power. Michael is before him, wrapped in Dean's body, and he has nowhere to hide.

"Mouth open," Michael orders, and Castiel obeys, hands spreading on the floor. He knows what happens next; Michael has been talking to him, telling him exactly what he'll do to him. Dean's hands are what he feels now on his face, and Michael's eyes are examining him, and then he is opening his mouth wider to accommodate the cock at his lips.

"Very...very good..." Michael murmurs, and it's a testament to how poorly he's endured heartbreak that Castiel can see the hatred even when Michael's trying to hide it. Castiel breathes in through his nose, not needing the air at all, and he moves his head and tongue, fitting Michael's cock in his mouth. It's warm and soon slippery, and he's rewarded with Michael's moans.

Michael holds onto his head, and abruptly Castiel discovers that he can't move his head, not with Michael holding him in place. When he looks up at Michael again there's a pained smile, and Castiel is pulled forward, and he's whimpering softly. He can't even try to breathe now, not with Michael holding him steady while he fucks his mouth, hard and fast.

He hears Dean's groans above him, and he doesn't look up; doesn't want to see Michael enjoying himself while doing *this*. Castiel whimpers again as Michael thrusts too hard too fast, and then there's come down his throat, and Michael's letting him go.

Castiel breathes in, and it's a testament to how human he is now that he's working a hand into his pants to touch, to relieve the pressure there.

Unexpectedly, shakily, he moans and Michael tips his head up.

"Keep going, Castiel," Michael orders, and Castiel obeys, other hand joining his first to pull his pants down and thumb his tip. Michael pushes him onto his back with his legs spread, watching and exposing everything, and Castiel's cheeks feel hot, but he doesn't stop. Pleasure is easier to endure than pain, especially if you throw yourself into it as far as you can, so he does, rubbing every spot that Jimmy's body likes and finding new ones as he moves his hands.

Castiel realizes he's moaning only when Michael pulls his shirt open, exposing scars where he sent himself to Heaven for Dean's sake, along with other angels. Michael tugs at his nipples, and Castiel bucks harder into his own hands, and he's coming, riding the pleasure out as Michael grips his shoulders.

He slumps back into Michael's grip, and is pulled into a hug that they both know has no care in it. Michael is here, trying to make Castiel say 'yes I understand you I love you I'll be your everything that Lucifer wasn't', and Castiel can't say that.

He closes his eyes and leans his head against Dean's chest and pretends Michael isn't there, ignores the wet in his mouth and on his cheeks, ignores the wet between his thighs.

Ignores the ache of the scars on his chest and in his heart.